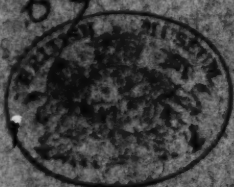


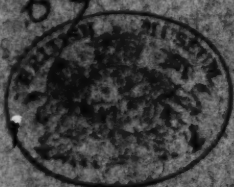
The Lovers delight?
OR,
A pleasant Pastoral sonnet
To a new Court Time.



Come hie, lets walk into the spring,
Where we will hear the blackbird
The Robin Redbreast, and the Thrush, (sing)
The nightingale on the tree bough,
That music sweetly Caravelling,
That to my love Content may bring.
In yonder vale there are sweet flowers,
With many pleasant shade bowers,
A pearling brook with silver stream,
All beautiful with Phoebe's beams,
I stand behind a tree for fear,
To see Diana bathe her there.
She where the nymph, with all her train
Comes tripping over the Daisies again:
In yonder grove there will they sit
At herle break to sport and wit:
Where we will sit up to see and see
Sweet beauties mixt with Chastity.
The youthfull Shepherds with delight
Will tune a pleasant oaten pipe:
Each mistress fine with heavenly note
Will stretch and strain her daisie throat;
So loud and clear their minnie will sing
That hills and vallies all will ring.
The Shepherd Stephan with his friend
The faithful Clayer will attend
By play before the Diana, to prove
Who best deserves Venias love:
A most strange sight there shall you see
Of balls of love and wit.
Minales and Amintas young,
Bates Caridon, and Thersa strong
Shall sit beside their pleasant mate
To take their place for Phillis late:
Jests of their triumphs here shall be
But the true Queen of Quality.

Under the shade of yonder pine
You in a Mayall dress be seen
Preparing for the Judge to sit,
The Queen of beauty and of wit,
While Phillis in her Majesty
The gentle Judge is to be.
The Duke's estate is hard to see
For sure that Phoebe take a care
Her husband's name must not come forth,
Nor Cythara once appear:
It grieves my heart to think that she
From this spot must be.
For if the Duke of late should see
The splendor of the lady's eye,
She should not see her husband's name
To hear the heart as he hath done.
Phyllis' heart with peace and love
But to the Duke, she is not here.
She is the Duke's daughter to be
With any garden in her heart,
Compass of wit and beauty here
To be the Duke's daughter to be.
In pleasing of their passion here,
The Duke's estate is hard to see.
The Duke's estate is hard to see
For sure that Phoebe take a care
Her husband's name must not come forth,
Nor Cythara once appear:
It grieves my heart to think that she
From this spot must be.
For if the Duke of late should see
The splendor of the lady's eye,
She should not see her husband's name
To hear the heart as he hath done.
Phyllis' heart with peace and love
But to the Duke, she is not here.
She is the Duke's daughter to be
With any garden in her heart,
Compass of wit and beauty here
To be the Duke's daughter to be.

The Lovers delight?
OR,
A pleasant Pastoral sonnet
To a new Court Time.



Come hie, lets walk into the spring,
where we will hear the blackbird
the Robin Kestrel, and the Thrush, (sing)
the nightingale on the tree bough,
their music sweetly Carolling,
that to my love Content may bring.
In yonder vale there are sweet flowers,
with many pleasant shade bowers,
A pearling brook with silver stream,
all beautiful with Phoebe's beams,
I stand behind a tree for fear,
to see Diana bathe her there.
She where the nymph, with all her train
comes skipping over the Dells and glades:
In yonder grove there will they sit
at her side, where to sport and play;
where we will sit up to see and see
what beauties will with Chastity.
The youthfull shepherds with delight
will tune a pleasant oaten pipe;
Each mistress fine with heavenly note
will scotch and strain her dainty throat;
So loud and clear their minnie will sing
that hills and valleys all will ring.
The shepherd Stephan with his friend
the faithful Clayer will attend
By plays before the Queen, to prove
who best deserves Venias love:
A most strange sight there shall you see
of balls of love and merriment.
Merrill as our Amintas young,
brave Coridon, and Thersia strong
shall make some new pleasant words
to take them place for Phillis love:
Judge of their triumphs who shall be
but the true Queen of Quality.

Under the shade of yonder pine
you shall a Mayall dance behold
prepared by the Duke to sit,
the Queen of beauty and of wit,
with Phillis her Majesty
the gentle Duke to chide to be.
The Duke's estate is hard to see
for there that Phoebe takes her
her mansion house must not come there,
no Cytherea once appear:
It grieves my heart to think that she
from this spot must be.
For if the Duke of late should see
the splendor of the beauty's eye,
she should not be so long to see
to leave his heart as he hath done.
Phyllis' beauty will be so and so,
but to the Duke, she is not so.
He shall see the Duke's daughter to see
with any a garden in her hand,
Compact of wit and beauty's eye,
so to be taken the Duke's hand.
In pleasing of their passion here,
the Duke's estate shall be.
The Duke's estate shall be
a hard matter to be true:
There may be a hard matter to be
to be true to the Duke's hand:
By the Duke's estate shall be
the Duke's estate shall be.
The Duke's estate shall be
the Duke's estate shall be.
The Duke's estate shall be
the Duke's estate shall be.

The second part. To the same tune.



Sweet heart come let me behold thy face
In your sweetest and sweetest place
O take me in thy arms and hold me
For Cupid's arrows have made me
I know you have taken all that's best
From the first man onto the last.

So though it cost me some of my being
To have the shepherdess cartwheeling
To Coridon's arms, make her choice
Memories for his sweetest boy
Which glory and sweet pleasure move
Into Coridon's arms and love.

To Coridon's arms and love
All men gave place to Thersia's strength
The best of loving men could make
For all this but his love
And strength of harmony of boys
Could Phillis make to make her choice.

It is her will in my power
To have her choice a partner
For when I thought to have a maid
Was young Amintas, whose love I had
Amintas's love could not be match'd
The Delia I have more caught.

Do you not note how Pallas loves
The like she never saw before
For Meliager made her love
Adrianus has the longer love
In token of his love's good
The crown she has with loving boys.

When Phoebe unto Phillis said
To make the choice be not afraid
For if I were the choice to make
Amintas I would not make
But all in vain they did speak
For Coridon has Phillis's love.

Both Pallas and Diem then
Did almost come with branches green
To have their play's further part
For young Amintas and his love
His grace, his love, and his grace
They all appear, and the world's love.

That will not love the world, but
Will Phillis love the world all day
For all the world's love is his love
And Coridon's love is his love
For all the world's love is his love
And the world's love is his love.

That will not love the world, but
Will Phillis love the world all day
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